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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

AMERICA

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible] Americans, an American am I,
[illegible] to my boast that I was born beneath this western sky;
I prize my [illegible] birthplace for its freedom and its fame,
In it my fathers lived and died—I hope to do the same.
I've heard of foreign countries which are very fair to see,
But this, dear old America, is fair enough for me;
And he that on its happy soil is not content to stay,
May leave it when he likes, and find a better where he may.

We may not have the mountains which some other lands may show,
Their sides adorned with vineyards and their summits crowned with snow;
We may not boast the grandeur or the melancholy grace
Which tells of time's destroying hand or war's terrific race;
But we have fertile valleys, we have hills and dales and dells
Where peace and plenty smile around, and sweet contentment dwells;
And we have cliffs that beetle o'er and battle with the spray
Of a thousand waves that roll around a shore as free as they.

There's not a sea that on its breast a hostile fleet can bear,
But our fair flag is seen to float in stern defiance there;
There's not a clime in East or West, but echoes with the fame
Of Freedom's dauntless warriors and with Columbia's name.
Our ancient institutions and our good American laws
Have won from e'e'n our bitterest foes their wonder and applause.
Oh, his must be a craven heart who would not make a stand
For altar-stone, for hearth and home in such a native land.

Toronto, Canada West.

Pictures of Life.

BLOBBS OF WADHAM.

My name is Withers—Richard Withers, of Jermyn Street, London, ostensibly an importer of foreign wines. I don't mention it by way of advertisement, but that I may not be introduced to the public under false pretences. I am not Blobbs of Wadham; that is what I wish to be understood clearly. In the year eighteen hundred and ten, or thereabouts, the great firm of Nature and Company falling short, I suppose, in their original material, issued a couple of duplicates—fac-similes—and I had the misfortune to be one of them. We were not twins: there was no mystic sympathy of being between us to whisper each to each, "Thou hast a double;" no cuticle, or smallest superfluity of skin, as had been granted to the Siamese, to hint that there was a ditto somewhere. Long Experience, our only common mother, was left to teach us this; and in my education, at least, that lady has proved herself a Tartar.

My first introduction to a knowledge of the other linen was not till some few years ago. As I was walking along Fleet Street, on my way into the City on business, I was saluted from behind with a most tremendous thwack across the shoulders. I turned round between purple and white; for, angry as I was, a little reminiscence flashed across me of a certain bill transaction—a thing that will mix itself up somehow with the wine trade—and I thought it just possible that this assault had arisen from some unprofessional view of that matter; but an utter stranger, with outstretched hand and beaming smile, confronted me.

"Deelighted to see you, old boi," said he. "How is the woife and the piccaninnies?"

"Sir," I replied, rubbing my back as well as I was able, "I am a bachelor."

"D'ye mane to say ye are not Blobbs?" said he.

"Certainly I do, sir," answered I, with [illegible].

"Well, then, it's nothing more nor less than [illegible]coincidence," said he.

"[illegible]," said I, "it is a blister." And it was [illegible].

The very next day, and almost in the same place, across the shoulders, I received two thwacks from that identical cane, and in the same unmistakeable Hibernian accents, I heard it shouted: "I took another man for you yesterday, Blobbs; but, bedad, I've got you today."

I happened to have a nephew at Wadham College, Oxford, at that time; and, not without an eye to business, I went down to stay there for a week. I had heard a good deal before of the hospitality of the University, but the cordial manner of those Fellows did surprise me. [illegible] to see us at last," exclaimed one, heartily [illegible], as he shook my hand most [illegible] you're getting bald, my friend, you're stouter than [illegible]—oh, oh! And [illegible] deal." [illegible], too, a good

"Really, sir," I began, "these [illegible] remarks"—but my nephew came up just [illegible] moment, and prevented any explanation. In the combination-room, after dinner, I sat next to the sub-warden, and was treated with all imaginable kindness. "I have some wine of this character," I was casually remarking, as I held the glass up against a candle, "that has been with me this twenty years."

"Then I don't know where you put it to," [illegible] a gruff voice, lower down. "For a [illegible] who drinks habitually, I must say, I don't [illegible] worse wine than yours."

"[illegible] you mind what Savage says," said [illegible] gently; "you know his strange ways."

"[illegible] I do mind what Savage says, sir," I [illegible] "and I don't know his ways. I am [illegible] sit here, and hear my wine run [illegible] at any other man."

"[illegible] Blobbs, Blobbs, you did not use to [illegible] so that up here," interposed the [illegible] at chapels, bad at lectures, shock[illegible] knocking-in, but always good-tempered [illegible] to take a joke."

"[illegible]"

I am not," exclaimed I, "once for all, [illegible]!"

[illegible] but little good for me to say [illegible] went out to breakfast at an[illegible] was purposely introduced to [illegible] Richard Withers; but the asso[illegible] almost as bad as the [illegible] and I was asked about [illegible] Blobbs of Wadham. [illegible] it was coming, by the [illegible] would survey my [illegible] at the absurb like [illegible] "Mr. With[illegible] from addressing me [illegible] one of those [illegible] he had got thus far [illegible] saying—

"No; I don't [illegible] at all," which

The [illegible] resemblance to this [illegible] by no bene[illegible] for Blobbs, [illegible] so much as [illegible] young crea[illegible] as being [illegible] On the con[illegible] to me, [illegible] vowels, or

"Lucky Mrs. Blobbs [illegible]," [illegible], "If you might, my boy [illegible] were speaking about, [illegible] I'll tell your wife." I should [illegible] if some domestic recriminations took place somewhere in consequence of my firm refusal; I believe and hope that Blobbs is not altogether exempt from the results of our similitude; that the toil and truth of our double has befallen him likewise.

After a few score of these mistakes had happened, I learned to take them quietly enough; if I was arrested for debt, or even lodged in Newgate for murder, to-morrow, it would not much distress me; "it's Blobbs," I should say, "that's all." The former, indeed, is not unlikely, for he is a very fast character, or, at all events, has lots of half-mad friends; just before the pillars were taken away from the Regent's Quadrant, I had a proof of this. I was coming from the Piccadilly end, at my ordinary quiet pace (for I am very respectable, and not thin), when I was violently seized by the shoulders, and threaded—run in and out—through each of the pillars, all the way to the top. It was in the mid afternoon, and the proceeding attracted every eye; but what did I care? What was the use of caring? "It is some friend of Blobbs's of Wadham, having his lark," I said to myself; "and he will be very much astonished when he comes to find out that he has got hold of the wrong man!" as soon as I could get my breath again, I gave Blobbs's friend in charge to a policeman, and he paid five pounds for that little run of his; it would have been cheaper for him to have taken a cab.

I never saw this parody upon me in all my life, but I have been very near seeing him; I got into a coach at Dorchester, one night, to go to Weymouth, and had to pay about forty miles' fare further back—from Honiton, I think. The guard, and the coachman, and the insides, all swore to my having travelled that distance, and I was obliged to give the money—I have no doubt for Blobbs.

And yet it was better so, perhaps, than to have met him; what horror to have awoke suddenly, and beheld oneself sitting opposite in the dim obscure! Echoing, perhaps, one's cry of terror, wearing his hair after the same porcupine fashion, and with cheeks of the like fear-stricken hue!

What a shocking business it will be when one of us two dies! Perhaps, we shall expire simultaneously. Otherwise, when an enfranchised-looking female, in a widow's cap, comes suddenly upon me in the street, and faints, I shall then know that Blobbs is dead.—*Household Words.*

FINANCIERING.

One of the most remarkable and successful cases of financiering we find in the Editor's Table of the Pioneer Magazine.

Baron Rothschild sat in his office counting his gains, and calculating the risks of certain loans, which had been offered him, when a spruce, handsome young man entered, and requested the loan of two thousand pounds. "What is the security?" said the Baron, without looking up. "My note!" was the reply. The great money-lender turned and surveyed his applicant, scrutinizing him from head to foot. There must have been something honest in the young man's face, for the Baron was evidently pleased with the result of his scrutiny. "Would two thousand be sufficient, young gentleman?" said he, "I can let you have ten as well as two." "Two will answer my purpose now," said the would-be-borrower, though I could of course use ten thousand." "I do not say that I will lend it," said the Baron, "but I can put you in the way of getting ten times that amount, if you know how to take advantage of opportunities. The young man trembled, surprised at the usual complaisance of a man who in money matters had the reputation of being very severe. He feared that he was about to propose some doubtful operation, and he stammered—"Any honorable proposition." "I would make no other," said the Baron, with dignity; "come, we'll take a walk upon the street."

Instead of offering his arm to his new acquaintance, he took his, and thus they promenaded Lombard Street. The Baron learned the name and business of his companion, and the object for which he wished the money. Hundreds of people met them, and bowing to the great money king, turned as they passed to look at and wonder who could be his companion. Some of the richer and more influential denizens of that money street stopped to have a chat with him and to these the Baron introduced his young friend, with the remark—that any favor they could do him would be considered as a personal favor to himself. Many of these were men whose wealth and influence were so great, that their very names commanded the involuntary respect of our young friend. He saw his advantage at once. Arriving at the end of the street, the Baron affectionately took leave of him, saying—that if he did not obtain the money elsewhere, he might come to him in the afternoon—and with a knowing wink, he got into his carriage and drove off. Our young [illegible] He met one of the [illegible] whom he had been introduced by the Baron. This person, desirous of cultivating an acquaintance which had had such an auspicious introduction, held him in conversation, in the course of which our friend plumply asked the loan of £5,000. The rich man could not refuse—the applicant had been introduced by Rothschild; [illegible] had been as good as endorsed by him—and then the man would [illegible] doing a favor to the great man. [illegible] notes were counted out, and the young man's note taken in exchange. The lender looked at the signer. True, he had never heard the name on 'Change, but never mind; Rothschild would not have walked arm and arm with him as he did, if he had not been perfectly good. So, with many assurances of distinguished regard, the two parted.

A few steps further the young adventurer met another of his new acquaintances, and while halting with him he carelessly displayed the bank notes he had just received, and observing that he had a large amount to make up for a certain great operation, and not wishing, for private reasons, to apply to his good friend, the Baron, he would feel obliged if his new friend could lend him £10,000. The latter, actuated by similar motives as the other money lender, counted out the desired amount and took a note, with the unknown name in exchange. And so the young man went on borrowing from each of his new friends until he had accumulated a hundred thousand pounds. All this he deposited with Rothschild, reserving only the £2,000 which he had originally desired. The next day there was a great flutter among the rich men on 'Change, and many were the conjectures they made as they "compared notes" about the Baron's friend. Time flew on. No one had seen the unknown money-borrower, and some of the lenders began to think they had been victimized. The Baron was mute to all their inquiries, and they knew not what to think. When, just before time for payment arrived, each one received a notice from the stranger acquaintance, to the effect that if they would present their notes at the banking-house of Rothschild they would be paid. One who held a note for £20,000 went there out of curiosity, as he said; when, lo! it was cashed. The news went like wild-fire. All came with their notes; and all, as soon as presented, were paid; and upon this affair Mr. Coutts established a credit, which enabled him soon afterwards to establish the Banking-house of Coutts & Co., whose credit at the present day in England, is almost equal to that of the great Rothschild himself, to whose affability its founder owed his fortune and success.

IDOL WORSHIP.—The islands of Inniskea, on the north-west coast of Ireland, are said to be inhabited by a population of about four hundred human beings, who speak the Irish language, and retain among them a trace of that government by Chiefs which in former times existed in Ireland. The present Chief or King of Inniskea is an intelligent peasant, whose authority is universally acknowledged, and the settlement of all disputes is referred to his decision. Occasionally they have been visited by wandering schoolmasters, but so short and casual have such visits been, that there are not ten individuals who even know the letters of any language. Though nominally Roman Catholics, these islanders have no priest resident among them, and their worship consists in occasional meetings at their Chief's house, with visits to a holy well. Here the absence of religion is filled with the open practice of pagan idolatry; for in the south island a stone idol, called in the Irish *Neevougi*, has been from time immemorial religiously preserved and worshipped. This god, in appearance, resembles a thick roll of homespun flannel, which arises from a custom of dedicating a material of their dress to it whenever its aid is sought; this is sewed on by an old woman, its priestess, whose peculiar care it is. They pray to it in time of sickness. It is invoked when a storm is desired to dash some helpless ship upon the coast; and, again, the exercise of its power is solicited in calming the angry waves to admit of fishing.

Such is a brief outline of these islanders and their god; but of the early history of this idol no authentic information has yet been obtained. Can any of your numerous readers furnish an account of it?—*Notes and Queries.*

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRIEST.

Ah! weary priest, with pale hands pressed
On thy throbbing brow of pain,
Baffled in thy life long quest,
Over worn with toiling vain,
How ill thy troubled musings fit
The holy quiet of a breast
With the Dove of Peace at rest
Sweetly brooding over it. —*Whittier.*

No matter how great has been the burthen of regret, grief or anxiety that has oppressed us—and we have had our share of each—we have seldom fallen upon days so evil, when the lovely, the glorious, and even the awful phases of nature, have not ministered to our spirits' need, have not soothed, sustained and consoled us—when the genial, vivifying sunshine, and the blooming flowers, and the fruitful trees and vines have not breathed to us of Divine love; when the lofty mountain, and the shadowy forest have not spoken to us of Divine protection, and when even the terrific storm has not thundered the presence of Divine power.—Therefore have we always worshipped nature only less than nature's God.

No matter how humble the house, how small the chamber, and how low the roof that sheltered us, if its windows did but look out upon the never-wearying, ever beautiful face of our common mother, that only face whose infinite variety "age cannot wither nor custom stale."

No tenement could be much humbler or more common-place in its appearance and character than the little village inn at Eyrie. And no tenement could be placed in the midst of more sublime and beautiful scenery. It was built when the road was first opened, and the stage-road laid off across the mountains, as a place to refresh the passengers, and rest or change the horses. The range of mountains through which this route passed, was, from their being bristled all over from base to summit with quill-like pine and cedar-trees, called the Porcupines. Through the most "feasible" gorge of the Porcupines the turnpike was laid out, and in the most accessible spot the inn was erected. It was a very plain, double-fronted, two-storied house, built of rough hewn rock, and fronting south-east, while behind it arose a gigantic ridge of rocks, quilled over with sharp looking evergreens and mountain thorns, and thence called the Porcupine's Rock. This towering pile of rocks and pines and cedars effectually protected the building from the [illegible] back of the building and the foot of the mountain, there was ground enough for a spacious yard, and all the outbuildings necessary for a country inn.

Before the house grew two great, old gnarled and twisted elm-trees, that in the forenoon shaded the upper and lower piazzas that ran along the front of the house. At the south-west corner of the house, from a post and an extension beam, looking dismally like a gallows, hung the tavern sign, and a pair of crossed keys.

Around every country tavern, if it only stands long enough, will gather in course of time a hamlet. Such a hamlet collected around the Keys. First, on the same side of the street, just below the sign, was opened a country store that supplied the neighboring district with every necessary in the grocery, dry-goods, hardware, druggist, shoe-maker, fancy and confectionary line. Then on the same side just *above* the hotel were a mountain torrent, now bridged over, dashed across the road, came a miller. Then, as a steep hill at either extremity rather shortened the street, the new-comers, instead of extending their buildings on the same side with the hotel, began to erect tenements on the opposite side, which was soon taken up by a blacksmith's shop, built just across the street from the country store—a lawyer's office and dwelling-house all in one opposite the hotel, a doctor's home and office opposite the mill—and, lastly, a shoemaker's shop, and a carpenter's shop opposite the mill-stream. Behind, as a sort of suburb, were the small cabins of wood-cutters, farm-laborers, and other very poor country people, of that forlorn, destitute, and degraded class called by the negroes, poor "White Herrings."

Thus you perceive that the village of Eyrie, though in that wild and sparsely settled neighborhood enjoying quite a local celebrity, was, in fact, only a small mountain hamlet built along one street, and consisting of less than a half-dozen shops, offices, and dwelling houses collected around its first nucleus, the—hotel; and outside of them a few scattered huts seeming to play at hide-and-seek among the rocks and ravines of the mountain-pass.

To return to the inn. In the second-floor chamber, at the south-east corner of the house, lay a sick man—that Father Francis of whom Genevieve spoke. He had now been there long and weary days. Clean, but otherwise most comfortless were the bare walls, the uncarpeted floor, the fireless hearth, and the uncurtained windows of this room. Being a corner room, it rejoiced in the light of four windows, two in front, and two at the end—one being on each side of the fireplace. These windows let in the weak, red rays of the winter's sun, and half a sphere of snow-covered mountain and valley scenery. The scanty furniture of this room consisted of a tall, spectral looking, four-post bedstead, an oaken chest of drawers, a wash-stand, and two leather-covered chairs—all of which were so old-fashioned, that they might really have come over in one of Raleigh's ships. The bed was, however, as usual in those country houses, the most comfortable article in the chamber, abundantly filled, well supplied with soft, full pillows, domestic linen, thick homespun blankets, home-made yarn counterpanes, and elaborately pieced quilts. The bedstead was placed with its head against the partition wall next the passage, and its foot toward the fireplace and the end windows. And though the wind whistled around from the north, and shook and rattled the window sashes, and flurried back again only to gather force to whistle around from the west, and play the same trick—and though Father Francis's breath congealed in a crystalline wreath of frost within three inches of his nose upon the bed quilt, yet he might have kept up enough of vital heat for healthful action, if only he would have economised the same by lying still and keeping covered. And had his mind been disengaged, he might have found occupation, amusement, and inspiration enough in watching through the front windows the magnificent landscape spread out before him—the endless prospect of mountain and valley, forest [illegible] and fell in great waves [illegible] and rolled away, bluer, fainter in color and in [illegible] tracery, until it gradually faded away in the extreme distance, and was lost under the southern horizon. But Father Francis cared for none of those things now, and over and anon he tossed about in restlessness, and threw the cover from his chest and shoulders, until chilled almost into torpor, he gathered them around him again. There was no bell-rope or hand-bell in the room—probably none in the whole establishment, but by his bedside stood a stick that answered the same purpose. In his restless changing of position, his eyes happened to light upon this substitute, and divining its use, he seized it and thumped a peremptory summons upon the floor. He was promptly answered by the appearance of the landlady in the room.

Mrs. Binks was a little bit of a sallow, black-haired, black-eyed widow, who since the death of her husband, had kept up the "establishment," because it was the only home and the only support of her children, and because the house belonged to them. Mrs. Binks was an Irish emigrant, a Catholic, and consequently felt honored as much as comforted, on having a priest under her roof.

"May the Virgin rise you up out of your bed of sickness, Father Francis, dear; was it yourself that rapped?" she asked, in some astonishment, to see one whom she had left an hour before in a heavy stupor or a deep sleep, it was difficult to decide which—now, if not "clothed," at least fully awake and "in his right mind."

"Yes, I rapped, my child—has my little girl got back?"

"Got back? The saints betune ye and harm, Father Francis; do you know how long it has been since you sent the little girl?"

"Yesterday evening."

"'Yisterday evening!' St. Peter have a hand in you, Father Francis, but it has been over a week!"

"'Over a week!'" exclaimed the sick man, falling back upon his pillow, and gazing in astonishment upon the care-worn but truthful little face of his hostess. "Over a week!" he repeated, incredulously.

"Aye! thrue for you, Father Francis—it's a week you've been lying ill—all the saints be praised, you've come out of it!"

"A week ill? Well! tell me about my little girl."

"She is at the Convent of the Visitation, near Mount Storm, at the present time. She got to Mount Storm—as I heard from Jimmy Dougherty, the overseer there—just after the death of Colonel Malmaison."

"Oh! good heaven! is that so—*after*, did you say she got to Mount Storm *after* the death of the master?"

"Yes, your riverence, *after*—and as the house was all up-side down with the preparations for the funeral, she was sent to the Convent. And she is to stay there until the house is all settled again."

"Are you sure of what you tell me?"

"Yes, sir—as sure as can be. Jimmy Dougherty, my own countryman, comes over here almost every day, on some errand or another; he was over here this morning to order a lot of shoes for the niggers, and he told me how yesterday Mrs. Malmaison—the late Colonel's daughter-in-law, had been to the Convent to see the little girl—or at any-rate, she had been there, and had seen the little girl, and the child was well."

"Oh! I must try to write a note."

"Father Francis, dear, you are to do no such a matter, but only to take a bowl of beef tea, and lie quiet until the doctor comes. Meself would no more get you a pen nor ink nor I would p'ison! The little girl is well enough, and in good hands, as every one knows Misthress Malmaison is an angel, to say nothing of Mother Agatha at the Convent, who is more than that, if sich could be."

"My good child, it would not hurt me to write a letter."

"Now, Father Francis, do lie quiet, like a darlint saint as you be, whiles I get you ready a bowl of beef tea. And when Feddy comes from school, myself will send him to the Con[illegible]"

"[illegible] Well, yes, [illegible] I suppose," said the priest, composing himself [illegible] readily, with the view to expedite the departure of the nurse.

Good little Mrs. Binks was true to her word. In less than half an hour she returned with a bowl of beef tea and a round of dry toast, and she raised the patient up in bed, propped him with pillows, set the frugal repast upon a waiter before him, and attended with great care and assiduity until he had freely partaken of them. She had just removed the waiter with the empty bowl and plate, and was engaged in bathing with fragrant home-made bergamot-water the hands and face of her patient, when a rap at the chamber door arrested her attention. She finished wiping the fingers of her guest, and then went and opened the door. The new comer was her little maid, Honor O'Neil, who came to announce the arrival of a lady visitor, who inquired for Father Francis Laglorieuse. With her finger raised in admonition the hostess silently dismissed her attendant, returned to the bedstead, arranged the pillows and the coverlet, took up the waiter and etceteras, and merely explaining that she was called below, excused herself and left the room.

In about ten minutes she returned, went up to the side of the bed, and said,

"Father Francis, there is a lady down stairs—Mrs. Malmaison, of Mount Storm. She wishes to see you. Are you able to have visitors?"

"Yes—yes—show the lady up, directly!" exclaimed the invalid.

The landlady left the room, and soon returned, ushering in the visitor, and immediately retired, closing the door behind her.

"Fair and full of blessing as the Angel of the Annunciation, Ada! Oh! how strange that such words should spring to my lips on this, the first meeting for so many years, Ada! But for many days before I was taken sick, you were in my mind, Ada! and almost the first thought of my sentient convalescence, was—Ada!" said the sick man, extending his hand to his visitor.

The lady took that hand and pressed it, and then, in the calm and deliberate manner usual to her, she drew a chair and sat down by his bedside.

"Yes, it is long, very long, nearly ten years since we last met, Father Francis!" she said.

"I thought never to have seen your face again, Ada!"

"Until the commencement of your voyage and journey hither!"

"Until the commencement of my travels hither! Yes! Well, Ada! I came only to bring that dear child over—then to return to my parish, and wear out my life among my poor people."

"You came, dear Father Francis, only to bring that child over. I am glad you came and brought her. Only please tell me—I ask from the deepest interest in that child's welfare—what encouragement had you to bring her hither, Father Francis?"

"A letter from Colonel Malmaison, addressed to the American Consul at Havre, and forwarded to me. The letter had followed me from station to station over France, and half over Ireland before it reached me at Fermanagh. I lost no time and spared no expense in obeying the wishes of Colonel Malmaison, as set forth in the letter, and bringing Genevieve over to this country. And now, dear lady, tell me of the child—"

"She is well. She is now at the Convent of the Visitation."

"I know that—but her future prospects?"

"Alas! in all that relates to her future, you will have to trust to *me*. Colonel Malmaison, hearing nothing of his eldest son, or that son's only child, naturally enough concluded them to be no more, and made his will accordingly, leaving the bulk of his property to the only child of his *second* son—my child, Austin! I am sorry for all this—truly sorry—especially as nothing can be legally done until Austin attains his majority."

The lady ceased speaking. The countenance [illegible] betrayed the deepest grief and [illegible]

"Therefore you [illegible] welfare of that child; and her fortune shall, believe me, be just the same as if she were a daughter of my own. If you should feel now or at any future time, any doubt about it, you can test my sincerity."

"Lady, humility is a beautiful virtue, but yours is always doing you wrong. 'Doubt' you, Ada!—wish to 'test' your sincerity? Why that were little short of blasphemy! Do but assume the care of this child, and all my anxiety for her will be soothed to rest."

"Then be at rest—I will care for the child as for my own."

"Thank you! I thank you with the whole strength and warmth of my heart—and if there were any stronger words than—God forever bless you, Ada—to express my gratitude—they should be yours—God love and bless you, Ada!"

Her head was averted, her eyes cast down; if there was one thing that woman could not face, it was the fervent, earnest "God bless you," that somehow she often managed to evoke from others' lips, yet which always seemed inverted to "God *judge* you," before it reached her ears. Her face was averted, her eyes cast down, the priest could not see the expression of her countenance, and even if he could have done so, that fair, impassable mask would have revealed nothing. As it was, he attributed her bearing to meekness, to humility, for in very truth she had the look of a fair, sensitive woman, painfully abashed at her own praises.

"And now, dear and excellent lady, may I trouble that serene soul of yours with one painful subject—Eustacia! Eustacia! where is she? What is her fate?"

Ada shook her head.

"In the last ten years I have wandered over half the globe in search of her—'I cannot make her dead.' Oh! tell me, you were her friend and confidante—do you know nothing—?"

Again Ada shook her head.

"Speak! have you *heard* nothing?—no reports?"

Once more Ada shook her head most mournfully—her silence was more expressive than words.

"Yet speak! oh! speak! tell me! do you surmise nothing? Speak, Ada! I can bear anything for a relief from this long and death-like nothingness, in all that relates to her fate."

"Well! I will speak! In all your searches after that lost woman, did you ever think of the opera companies?"

"Good Heaven!"

"I repeat that I know nothing—and that I have heard nothing. Yet, on a visit to Baltimore, some years since, I was induced to go to the opera, to hear a celebrated singer—Signora Vozzia, of whom you have heard. Well! I recognized, or thought I recognized—and with what painful astonishment you may judge—Eustacia! It was the last appearance of the popular artiste, and when, at the end of the performance, she was summoned by acclamation before the curtain, and in a few words made her acknowledgments for the favor of the public, I could not be mistaken—no one could ever mistake her voice in speaking. I knew that, notwithstanding the strangeness, the almost impossibility of the situation—I looked upon Eustacia—Eustacia, in the vain-glorious shimmer of diamonds and white satin, and amid all the profane surroundings of theatrical life!"

"And you sought to reclaim her!—yes! undoubtedly you did—it were superfluous to ask it. Well! and then? and then?"

"You may be sure I lost no time in seeking her; but she had left the theatre before my messenger reached the green-room. I then followed her to her lodging, and sent up my name, but received for an answer that the Signora had retired. In the morning I went again to her hotel, but she had left the city in the early three o'clock coach, on her way to Philadelphia. I still followed, but never overtook her, for when I reached New York, she had sailed for Havre. Her withdrawal had all the features of a flight. Or at least I thought so. At a venture I addressed a letter to her at Paris. Whether it ever reached her, I have no means of knowing—for from the time of her leaving Havre for Paris, I have lost trace of her."

"Well! well!"

"I returned home. Having no longer the present evidence of my senses before me, I was sufficiently in doubt about the reality of my former convictions as to the identity of Eustacia with the popular singer, to keep silence on the subject, until I should be able to substantiate my assertions, and, for the time, to content myself with watching the musical intelligence in the newspapers, and sending off letters at a venture, that never brought any response."

"Well! dear lady! well!"

"That is all. I never again saw her name in any paper that came to us—and never received an answer to any letter that I addressed to her. And still I felt forced to maintain a strict silence on the painful subject, and still from time to time I have pursued my investigations."

The priest groaned deeply, and covered his face with his hands.

The lady drew nearer to him, and her voice was silvery, sweet and persuasive, as she murmured,

"Father Francis—forget that evil woman. It is a severe sentence for me, who was once her friend, to utter, but the good must not wreck themselves upon the evil—and reflect, that most unworthy of regret or grief is she whose sin darkened all your earthly life. And remember, that in your deepest despair, when you turned from the world to God, how Heaven restored the heart that earth had broken. Remember! and by a cheerful fortitude, be worthy, dear father, of the service to which you are vowed."

"Young monitress! I *do* remember, and thank you for recalling me to duty. But, oh, Ada! Ada! that woman! that woman! I said just now, that I could not 'make her dead;'—as she rises before me now, in imagination—I cannot 'make her *false*.'"

"Ah, sir! would that I could truly encourage you in that view! but, oh! *sir*! you know too well the condemning evidence. And you know also it is but the dotage of sorrowful memory that shows her to you in that falsely-fair light. Grieve no longer, sir; dismiss that foredoomed daughter-of-perdition from your mind, or only remember to pray for her, if indeed you think her a proper subject of prayer."

"I may not do so. No, though the world—may the Lord pardon me, for I was about to say—though *heaven* reject her, yet will not I. Paris—you said it was at Paris that you had last heard of her?"

"Of the opera singer that I fully believed to be her."

"Well, as soon as I am able to rise from this couch, I set out immediately for Paris. The clue is a slight one, but I have often followed slighter still. Shall I trouble you, dear lady, to-morrow, or the next day, or at your earliest convenience, to send Genevieve hither, that I may take leave of her. It will save me a day."

"I myself will bring her here to-morrow."

"Many thanks, dear Ada. May Heaven reward you!"

Again the lady's face was bowed, seemingly in meek acceptance of the blessing—really in shrinking avoidance of the coals of fire thus heaped [illegible] her head.

[illegible] to speak again, when the little [illegible] say that Doctor Thogmorton [illegible] and took her [illegible] parted.

[illegible] notwithstanding the dreadful [illegible] tain-roads, Mrs. Malmaison drove from [illegible] Storm to the Convent, took up the little Genevieve, and carried her to take leave of her guardian, the priest. Ada chose to be present during the whole of the interview, which lasted from the middle of the forenoon, until the low, descending sun threw the shadow of the great Porcupine over the house, and warned the priest to give his ward the parting benediction. After which they departed. Mrs. Malmaison took her young protege back to the Convent, and gave her up to Mother Agatha, and then returned to Mount Storm, which she had scarcely time to reach before the dark, cold, winter night fell over the scene.

Two days from this, the priest, though still very feeble, and unfit for travel, set out by easy stages on his return to Baltimore, in order to be in time to embark in an outward bound clipper for Havre. Ada Malmaison had furnished the funds for his travelling expenses.

CHAPTER X.

THEODORA.

We will call her
Theodora,
Child of God. —*Edith May.*

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. In peace depart thou, oh! Christian soul, out of this world, in the name of God the Father Almighty, who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, who suffered for thee on the cross; in the name of the Holy Ghost, whose graces were infused into thee. Come to her assistance, all ye saints of God. Meet her, all ye angels of God; and present her now before her Lord." The words were sweetly and fervently breathed by Sister Angela. They were a part of the beautiful ritual for a passing soul. They were breathed forth for an aged and dying woman, who had no other mortal comforter than the fair and fragile girl who knelt and prayed by her bedside. The departing pilgrim had lost all power of motion or of speech; her lips could no longer move in response to the prayer. She was dying fast though calmly, her eyes were fixed and filmed, but their gaze was settled upon the face of the sweet saint, kneeling before her, who, as she prayed, still looked hope and comfort and courage into those fast darkening orbs. It seemed so good to have that young and holy maiden there, so full of faith and hope and love that she was able to transfuse them into that fainting soul.

"May Jesus Christ receive her."

"Amen."

This last response was made in a low, half-suffocated voice, by a child that had all this time been kneeling by the opposite side of the bed. Then both arose.

"She is gone," said Sister Angela, reverently closing the eyes from which the last light had fled, and composing the limbs that were now cold in death. Then she smoothed the coverlet. The child on the other side timidly assisted, and then stood waiting. She was not crying, not sobbing—but she stood so motionless, so silent, so hopeless, with such a still, patient, heart-broken look upon her little face, down which the great tears were slowly rolling, that it almost broke poor Angela's own heart to look at her. She went around and sat down, and took the child in her lap, and embraced her tenderly, saying, as she laid the grief bowed young head upon her loving bosom,

"Theodora, remember, dear, that she who an hour ago was suffering here all the ills of poverty, sickness, and old age together, and who bore them so meekly and so bravely, is now a glorious saint in Heaven. And try to realize, I mean, try to feel that it really is so, and think that if anything could trouble her in her heavenly home, it would be to know that you were grieving here. You are not a desolate orphan, my dear one, for, while we both live, I am your earthly mother. And besides me, you have a mother in Heaven. And above all, and yet nearer than all, you have a Father in Heaven. Little one, I am almost as poor as was the Master that I love and follow; yet not quite, for He had not where to lay His blessed head, while the humblest of His servants have all things really needful at least. And you, Theodora, shall share my house and my heart. And now, dear one, do you know what we have to do? Can you be courageous, little one? But you shall do as you please. Listen! As there is no one in the house, we must get help from the Convent. That is half a mile off. It is very dark, but one or both of us must go. It is best that I should go, and go alone, and that you should remain here until my return. Are you afraid to stay here alone till I come? If so, I will shut up the house and take you with me. Answer, Theodora, are you afraid?"

"May be I might be, dear Sister, but still I would rather stay than leave *her* alone, you know," answered the little girl, meekly.

The blending of truth, affection and humility in her answer, touched the sympathy of the gentle nun.

"I wish that some better plan were possible," she said.

"I will stay, dear Sister. I will kneel and pray while you are gone. And then I shall not feel lonesome or frightened."

"May the angels guard you, good child. Now fasten the door after me, and keep it so until you hear my voice at the door again," said the Sister, as she donned her hood and mantle, and passed out into the wintry night.

In less than an hour, the assistance she went for was obtained, and she returned to the house accompanied by two other nuns, who remained through the night and through the next day until the humble funeral was over. And then Sister Angela led the orphan from the desolate home to the Convent. And it was a very desolate house indeed that they had left. An old dilapidated grey stone house, consisting of only two rooms and an attic, and very poorly furnished also—so poorly, that all it contained being sold, brought but a few dollars, which were appropriated to the payment of the few small debts owed by the late tenant.

The very day of Theodora's arrival, Sister Angela sought an interview with the Superior. She found the Abbess in the green parlor already described. Sitting down, she said,

"I have come to you, Mother, about this child, Theodora. She has at present no home. Can she remain here?"

"Most certainly she must stay here until farther provided for—although the house is very full, and the receipts from the Academy are scarcely adequate to the support of the Institution."

"I know it," said Angela, meekly, "I know it, yet 'the cattle upon a thousand hills, is the Lord's,' and He who fed the seven thousand with the five loaves and two small fishes, will not suffer us to want."

"This Orphan Asylum was instituted for the *really* destitute children—and it is over crowded with girls who have relations well able to support them."

"But they will not do it; must, therefore, the poor children be left to suffer, because of the hard-heartedness of their relatives? No, dear Mother, even in these times of scarcity, let us give freely, and feel sure that our 'cruize of oil shall not fail, nor the measure of meal waste.'"

"But this child has kindred who are well able to take charge of her. I think I have heard a rumor that the grandmother, who is just dead, was a lady of fortune and family—and that she had very wealthy relatives, even a daughter and son-in-law whom she left in anger, and from whom she remained away in pride."

"Dear Mother Agatha, you have been here so short a time, and you are so averse to gossip, that you know very little of the neighborhood. Will you permit me to tell you that story, as I happen to know it? And to do it, I will be obliged to speak of myself."

"Say on, dear Angela. Your words will be all the more interesting to me, if they relate to yourself, for, dear child, I have often wished to know the circumstances that led to your taking the veil."

"I will make my account as short as possible, dear Mother. My own sainted mother was called to Heaven when I was but four years old, yet I remember her angel-face well. Father Bernard, our aged confessor, taught me that she had become my guardian angel, and watched over her child constantly, and was near her always. Thus I always had the feeling that my mother was with me; and if ever I was tempted into any childish sins, the thought that the angel-mother watching over me would be grieved by my fault, withheld me. If anything pained or grieved me, the thought that my sainted mother would be distressed by my tears, restrained me from weeping and complaint. Thus, you see, the love of my dear mother became a religion to me, before I could understand a higher and holier religion. And every night I would fall asleep smiling, with my hands folded on my bosom, as in prayer, and with the name of my mother on my lips. I tell you this because it will enable you to understand the bitter grief—perhaps I ought to say the morbid and unreasonable grief—with which I learned from the old servants, who were fond of me, that my father, General Garland, was going to bring me home a 'new mother.' A 'new mother'—the very words seemed to me to be profane—and it was not only with grief, but with amazement, and a sort of blank horror, that I met the gay, showy, laughing girl of eighteen, that was introduced to me as my new mother. I fear I spoiled the wedding-day, but without intending it. I wept passionately, refusing to be comforted—they said, and thought, no doubt, that I wept with anger, when I only wept with *grief*—with grief—for, as it seemed to me *then*, not only was my dear mother's memory desecrated, but I instinctively and deeply felt that I had lost my father. And that was true—I *had* lost him. Let me be just to my step-mother—she was a bright, gay, joyous creature, full of vivacity, and thus had a very enlivening influence upon a dull, weary man like my father, and so possessed almost unbounded power over him. She was not only without a portion herself, but she had a widowed mother and a younger sister in such straightened circumstances, that soon after her marriage their affairs arrived at such a crisis, that they were under the necessity of coming to live at my father's house. Mrs. Carlisle, my step-mother's parent, I must say was very kind to me, indeed. So was Miss Carlisle, for the short time she was with us, but soon after her arrival she was married to Mr. Shelley, a young merchant, of Baltimore, and accompanied her husband to that city. My step-mother at first seemed disposed to be very fond of me; but I felt, without understanding it, that there was no depth or earnestness in her show of affection. I felt, besides, as if it were a sort of treason to my own dear mother, to call that laughing romp by that sacred name. So I did not return her caresses or call her mamma, and I wept passionately when they wished to make me do either. They naturally enough thought it was ill-temper, when indeed it was only grief, and perhaps mistaken fidelity to my own dear mother. However that might be, Mrs. Garland, though very kind to everybody else, seeing that I could not return her kisses, took a dislike to me. My father also misunderstood me, said that I was a perverse, spoiled child, and must be sent to school, to learn better manners. And as I was eight years old, I was placed at this very Institution.—Mrs. Carlisle, who was always kind to me, interceded for me, and would have had it otherwise; but my father was not to be turned from his purpose, at least by any other than his wife, and she would not interfere. Therefore I was sent here. And here I lived very happily until I was sixteen years old. Then I was recalled home. In the meantime some change had taken place. My father had other children, and, besides that, was burdened with several of his wife's needy relations—first, there was old Mrs. Carlisle, her mother, and then there was her widowed sister, Mrs. Shelley, whose husband had failed and died, leaving her with two children, and without any support. They all found a home in my father's house. But my father still doted on his wife, and everything she did was good in his sight. When I returned home, I found myself not only a supernumerary but an additional burden. I had been happy in the Convent. The service of Christ in suffering humanity was a vocation that irresistibly attracted me. I mentioned my wish to consecrate my poor faculties to such a life. I met no opposition except from Mrs. Carlisle, who erroneously imagined the step to be a sacrifice. I was encouraged by my father, and—the step was taken. I left the Convent for the first time after taking the veil, to attend my father during the long illness that terminated in his death."

Angela paused here to wipe away the tears that forced their way, and the Abbess inquired in a low voice,

"What were all those women that he was supporting doing, while you had the sole charge of nursing him?"

"Mrs. Carlisle was giving me what assistance she could. Mrs. Shelley was taking care of her eldest girl, who died about the time my dear father did."

"And your father's wife?"

"Was keeping house for the large family. I must hasten now to conclude this account. After those two deaths, of my dear father and the little girl, I returned to the Convent and to my labors among the poor. I have only rumor now for what happened after I left, for though I loved my half-sisters, especially Rose the eldest very much, yet I seldom visited them, and they never came to see me. With the solitary exception of a small bequest to this institution, given upon my account, my father had left the whole of his property unconditionally to my step-mother, trusting confidently in her attachment to their children to secure those children's future welfare, at least as far as money and her efforts could secure it. But look what resulted. Mrs. Garland, a handsome woman but little over thirty, thought proper to marry again. And if she probably wedded the first time for money and position, and attained them, surely she wedded the second time only for love, for Doctor Thogmorton, her second husband, has nothing but his profession, which, you may judge, is not very lucrative in a neighborhood like this. In bestowing her hand, she made no reservation of any part of her property either for herself or her children."

"A piece of deplorable carelessness, or else more culpable recklessness as far as those children are concerned," said the Abbess.

Angela made no comment but went on.

"This second marriage has not turned out very happily for all parties. Doctor Thogmorton seemed to consider his wife's children to have some sort of right to shelter and food and clothing, especially as the house, plantation, negroes, and bank-stock, of which he had become possessed by his marriage with their mother, had come to *her* through their father; but this toleration did not in any wise extend to his wife's mother, sister, and niece, who were still living there, whom he certainly considered very superfluous members of the family—and he soon contrived to make them feel themselves interlopers. Mrs. Carlisle, perhaps, he might have endured, upon account of her great age, but Mrs. Shelley and poor little Theodora, he would not tolerate at all. No one, however, thought that he would go so far as to request Mrs. Shelley to provide herself with another home. But he did. Mrs. Carlisle was a proud woman, not in the sinful and offensive sense of the word, but she was what is called high-toned, she would not remain in a house from which her unhappy younger daughter had been requested to retire. She had a little money, but very little. So she rented—at a merely nominal rent—that dilapidated building on Basil Wikiman's place, and with the poor remnants of unsaleable furniture that she had brought to Grey Rock, she moved into the old house, and made there such a home as she could for her daughter and grand-child. What a train of calamities! Immediately after moving into that old wind-riven building, Mrs. Shelley, always delicate, and much more so since her misfortunes, took cold and died within two weeks. The family at Grey Rock did not hear of her sickness until a few days before her death. Then Mrs. Garland, I should say Mrs. Thogmorton, came over, bringing a carriage full of comforts; but the old lady would receive none of them. After the death of Mrs. Shelley, Doctor Thogmorton, with a late repentance, came over and besought his mother-in-law to return. But—you will understand it—it was not pride nor anger—her heart was broken—she refused, and begged him to relieve her of his painful presence. He did so; but returned, accompanied by his wife, the next day.—And to his renewed entreaties she joined tears and prayers. But, as I said, the poor old lady's heart was broken, and perhaps her mind was slightly deranged. She refused to go back with them, and besought them, as the only thing left them now to do for her comfort, to go away and leave her alone. They went to consider what could be done to induce her to change her purpose. The neighborhood severely censured the doctor, and his practice fell off. He could not, however, do anything for the old lady then. He talked of applying to the Court for authority to take her as an imbecile under his own protection. But death arrested that purpose. Last Friday night while I was repeating my office, poor little Theodora came running to me, telling me that her grandmother had been suddenly taken very ill. I hastened to her assistance: and when I got to her bedside, found her dying. It was not possible to find a messenger that time of night to go ten miles through the dreadful roads to Grey Rock, to inform her daughter of her extremity. Besides, she was going very fast, and I dared not leave her. I stayed with her to the last; and in the morning, sent off a man with the intelligence of

Our Portrait Gallery.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

Upon the recall of Prince Menschikoff from the command he had held in the Crimea since the commencement of hostilities, he was succeeded by Prince Gortschakoff, which important post the latter now holds; and the confidence reposed in him by his Sovereign is attested by the following order:—"General Prince Gortschakoff has received, through General Stackelberg, full powers from the Emperor to defend or abandon the Crimea, according to circumstances, without incurring any responsibility for the determination to which he may come."

The Prince's very able command throughout the protracted siege of Sebastopol has been recorded, from time to time, in the journals. His present position must demand all the energies and strategic resources of this experienced commander. He proclaims to the Muscovite legions that "they will not retreat whilst an enemy is on Russian ground."

In personal appearance, the Prince has a tall commanding figure—thin, but strong. His head and the upper part of his body incline forwards, but this appears to be more from the effect of custom than old age, for though sixty-three years of age, he is hale and healthy. His eyes, which in his stooping position frequently shoot over his spectacles, have a firm and scrutinizing look; his voice is deep; and his whole appearance impresses one with that decision and energy which peculiarly belong to a good military commander.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1856.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 15th, the Senate merely met at noon, and adjourned over till Thursday.

On the 17th, on motion of Mr. Clayton, a resolution was passed requesting the President to communicate to the Senate all the instructions in relation to Central American affairs, not heretofore furnished. The President was also requested to furnish the adjudication of the American Commissioners at Paris, respecting French spoliations upon American commerce.

The presiding officer was, on motion, authorized to appoint the Committee on Printing. The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 14th, the difficulty between Messrs. Barksdale and Kennett, mentioned in Saturday's debate, was amicably adjusted by mutual explanations. The rest of the proceedings are given in last week's paper.

[illegible] for Speaker, [illegible] to the line of policy [illegible] by the Democratic caucus, but that hereafter he would feel free to dispose of his vote where it can be most effectively felt.

Mr. Quitman, who had [illegible] voting for Mr. Richardson, [illegible] announced him in [illegible] gentleman.

[illegible] resumed voting, and the one hundred and eighth vote stood as follows:

Banks,	[illegible]	Fuller,	[illegible]
Richardson,	[illegible]	Pennington,	[illegible]
Scattering,			

Messrs. Richardson and Williams voted for Mr. Orr, and Messrs. McQueen and Boyce for Mr. Cadwallader.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, offered a resolution [illegible] that if no candidate receive a [illegible] on the next three [illegible] a quorum voted, and the [illegible] shall be [illegible] on the table by 4 majority, [illegible] all the friends of Richardson [illegible] except Messrs. Barclay, Hickman and Vail joined by the friends of Mr. Fuller [illegible] Campbell of Ohio, and Messrs. [illegible], Mattison, Moore, Scott and Wheeler.

The House then resumed voting, when two votes were had, the last, or 118th, resulting as follows:

Banks,	93	Fuller,	33
Richardson,	66	Pennington,	9
Scattering,	8		

Necessary to a choice, 105.

Messrs. Boyce, McQueen and Keitt left Mr. Richardson in consequence of his assertion that he believed the Wilmot Proviso constitutional, though unjust.

On the 16th, Mr. Thorington offered a resolution that Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, be declared Speaker of the House. He said his reason for offering the resolution, was to contribute his mite towards an organization. He had proposed Mr. Campbell's name because he had heard him spoken of as less objectionable to some portions of the House than Mr. Banks.

Mr. Galloway, though personally favorable to Mr. Campbell, could not change his position till he was assured the sentiment of the House was in Mr. Campbell's favor.

Mr. Giddings said this resolution had been thrown into the House without consulting those voting for Mr. Banks, and by whom he would stand until he could see that a change of vote was for the better.

Mr. Mace said the fact of the House being unorganized was attributed to the Anti-Nebraskaites, who have a majority, and can any day effect the election of a Speaker if they choose but to surrender their personal preferences.

Mr. Purviance did not agree with the sentiments of Mr. Mace, and attributed the failure to organize to the Democrats.

Messrs. Sage and Washburne, of Maine, thought the introduction of the resolution ill-timed and mischievous.

Several others also explained, including Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, who said his name had been used in the resolution without his knowledge or authority.

The resolution was then rejected—yeas 30, nays 130—the Banks men generally voting in the negative.

Mr. Cumback offered a resolution, which he afterwards withdrew, declaring Mr. Mace Speaker.

Mr. Dunn, explaining his course, said he would submit to no caucus which presented to him the name of Mr. Banks.

His remarks stimulated Messrs. Sage, Brenton, Pennington, Campbell (of Ohio,) and others, to participate in the debate, involving the action of the Republicans respecting their candidates for Speaker. The House then again voted for Speaker, the result standing—

Banks,	[illegible]	Fuller,	[illegible]
Richardson,	[illegible]	Pennington,	[illegible]
Scattering,	[illegible]		

Whole number of votes, 197. Necessary to a choice, 99. The House then adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Carlisle made a speech, in which he argued that the failure to organize grows out of the disturbance of the Compromise measures, and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act. The latter, he said, had given food to the heartless agitation.

Mr. McMullen followed, defending the Democracy from the attacks of Mr. Carlisle.

Petitions were presented from Commodore Stewart, Commanders Lockwood and Long, and Lieutenants Chandler, Handy, Turner, Bowers and Ellery, complaining of the action of the Naval Board.

Messrs. Stephens, Zollicoffer, and Washburne, of Maine, indulged in debate concerning slavery restriction, replying one to another.

The House then again voted for Speaker, with the following result:—

Banks,	[illegible]	Fuller,	[illegible]
Richardson,	[illegible]	Pennington,	[illegible]

and Messrs. Orr, Williamson and Porter each 1. Necessary to a choice, [illegible].

Mr. Williams offered a resolution proposing to elect a Speaker by plurality, if, after three additional trials, no one shall receive a majority of the whole number of votes.

The resolution was rejected by a vote of 84 to 108, and the House adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr. Mace offered, in a spirit of compromise, a resolution declaring Mr. Banks (Republican) Speaker; William Cullom (American) Clerk; A. J. Glossbrenner, Sergeant-at-Arms; John M. Johnson, Postmaster; and N. W. McKnew, Doorkeeper, the last three being the Democratic nominees. The resolution was laid on the table, by a vote of 111 to 80.

Mr. Giddings advocated the adoption of the plurality resolution, declaring that the House cannot organize on any other principle. He called on the Democrats to follow their own precedent.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, said the Democratic Caucus [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Legislature, a number of petitions have been presented for the repeal of the Liquor Law, and of the Usury Laws; and one from Joseph Paxton, Columbia County, for a law to secure citizens of slaveholding States the right of transit through Pennsylvania with their property, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

In the Senate, Mr. Wilkins, from the Committee on Vice and Immorality, reported a bill to repeal the restraining liquor law, passed at the last session, and substituting a system of tavern licenses.

Mr. Wilkins accompanied the report with a brief statement of the leading features of the bill. In licensing taverns it divides them into two classes, the first to sell vinous and malt liquors, and the other to sell cider and malt liquors only, and the price of license of each to be regulated by a graduated scale according to the rental. The bill was ordered to be printed.

In the House, the bill for the repeal of the Restraining Liquor Law contains but one section, unconditionally repealing the law of the last session, and in effect renews the old license system. The bill was passed in Committee of the Whole by general consent, and came up on second reading.

Mr. Phelps moved an amendment, making it unlawful to sell liquor or admixture of wine or malt liquors in quantities less than five gallons, except by innkeepers regularly licensed, and providing penalties for any violation of the law.

Mr. Montgomery moved to refer the bill back to the Committee on Vice and Immorality, with instructions to report a bill repealing the present law, and substituting a stringent tavern license law.

The whole subject was debated at length by Messrs. Hill, McClintock, Longaker, Ball, Mumma, Edinger, Morris and others.

In Convention, Ex-Governor Bigler was elected a Senator in Congress to represent [illegible] State for six years, from the [illegible] March last. He received 82 votes [illegible] and Republicans, of Philadelphia [illegible]. Mr. Morris, who is [illegible] House, voted for John C. [illegible] Senator from the Greene and [illegible] district. Mr. Morris was nominated at the American Caucus which was held on Saturday evening. After the nomination, a platform was made, which Mr. Morris endorsed, and which was unanimously adopted. As there probably will be an attempt to organize upon this basis the opposition to the national administration in this State, we annex the resolutions:—

1st. That we are opposed to the admission of any new Slave States into this Union—therefore

2d. That Kansas and Nebraska should only be admitted into the sisterhood as Free States.

3d. That we are opposed to political Romanism, or the interference of any foreign ecclesiastical establishment with the political affairs of our country.

4th. That the naturalization laws ought to be so modified as to correct the evils which the present system entails on the country, and that rigid measures should be taken to prevent the importation of foreign paupers and convicts.

NEW JERSEY DELEGATES TO THE KNOW NOTHING STATE CONVENTION.—The Conventions of the Know Nothings were held in the different Congressional Districts in New Jersey, on Wednesday week, to select delegates to attend the Know Nothing National Convention in Philadelphia, on the 22nd of February. The following is the list of delegates:—Mr. E. H. Grandin, of Trenton; Mr. Cornell, of Weston, Somerset County; Judge Ephraim Marsh, of Morristown; Mr. John R. Marks, of Newark. These delegates are opposed to the nomination of George Law, and are understood to be in favor of Com. Stockton.

IOWA.—The Democratic State Convention of Iowa made the following nominations for State officers: George W. McCleary for Secretary of State; James Pollard, Auditor; Geo. Paul, Treasurer, and James Baker, Attorney General. Four Presidential Electors were also nominated, and eight delegates appointed to the Cincinnati National Convention. The latter, it is understood, are pledged to the support of Judge Douglas for the Presidency.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—The Chairmen of the State Republican Committees of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin have invited the Republicans of the Union to meet in informal Convention at Pittsburg, on February 22d, to provide a National Delegate Convention to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

VIRGINIA.—The Virginia "Americans" are in some trouble, owing to the Councils of the order in Richmond having passed resolutions endorsing a letter of Mr. John M. Botts, repudiating the slavery section of the national platform.

NEW YORK.—After some weeks of delay, in the legislature, Mr. Wakeman offered a resolution that three ballots be taken, and if there be no choice on either the first or second, then that on the third vote the candidate receiving a plurality of the votes cast be declared Speaker.

The resolution was adopted, and the first vote under its action showed for—

Odell, (American,)	44	Prendergast, (Rep.,)	35
Robinson, (Soft Dem.)	38	Glover,	7
Balance scattering.			

Mr. Pendergast then withdrew his name, recommending his friends to vote for the Democratic candidate, as a choice of evils—the Republicans agreeing with them more nearly upon State matters. This advice was taken, and Orville Robinson (Soft Dem.) elected Speaker. The Annual Message of Governor Clark was then sent in and read in both Houses. The financial affairs of the State do not present a very favorable exhibit, there being a deficiency during the financial year of upwards of $250,000. The surplus of the canal revenue over the expenditures is $1,650,000. After discussing various local topics, the Governor closes by an allusion to the Kansas question, denouncing in strong terms the overthrow of the Missouri Compromise, and expressing a hope that the voice of New York will again, as heretofore, be unanimous in asserting the Jeffersonian policy of restricting slavery and extending freedom.

MINNESOTA.—The Council organized by electing John B. Brisbon, Dem., Chairman. The House failed to organize. Chas. Goodhue, Dem., received the highest vote for Speaker, and will probably be elected.

WISCONSIN.—The Supreme Court has issued a writ of quo warranto, on the demand of Mr. Bashford, demanding of Mr. Barstow, by what authority he holds the office of Governor.

OHIO.—The regular Annual Message of Governor Medill, of Ohio, states that the receipts [illegible]

[illegible] of persons to keep birds and [illegible] by crowing and barking, proved an annoyance to their neighbors. The defendant kept a dog for the protection of his premises, and also reared poultry. The allegation on the part of the plaintiff was, that he suffered annoyance from the barking of the dog, and particularly from the loud and incessant crowing of a bantam fowl, which crowed six or seven times in the course of a minute. The damages for this annoyance were laid at £1. The Judge, Mr. J. Tyrrell, held that persons in towns and villages had no right to keep animals that annoyed their neighbors, but at the same time the latter must not be too exacting. No one would complain of an occasional bark or crow, but he thought no reasonable biped would require to crow 150 times in 25 minutes, and that no reasonable person was bound to put up with so much crowing. He, therefore, inflicted the nominal penalty of 1s. for the crowing in the month of September, and said that an action might be brought for the crowing of every day in the year.—*English Paper.*

MORE WARFARE IN KANSAS.—The Kickapoo, (Kansas) "Pioneer," of the 8th, says: A battle took place last night at Easton, between a party of abolitionists and some pro-slavery men—the former making the attack. One pro-slavery man was killed, and several wounded. Several abolitionists were also killed, and some wounded. A company from Lawrence, headed by Capt. Brown, commenced the fight with the Kickapoo Rangers. A large number of persons have left for Easton. The disturbance is supposed to have originated out of the Free Soil election of the 15th.

OXYGENATED BITTERS. This peculiar medicine astonishes every sufferer from Dyspepsia, and those who have tried a thousand remedies in vain, will never regret a trial of it. A few doses will give proof of its curative power.

A PERFUMED [illegible].—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath when by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*" as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year. FETRIDGE & Co., Proprietors.

For sale by T. B. PETERSON, and all Druggists.

jan26-eow6m

YE ADVENTURES OF YE MAN IN YE SHAWL.—*Continued.*—Mr. Shaw, after receiving his "Bay State," proceeded along Chestnut street until he met Miss Spriggs, his charmer. Miss S. assured her lover that a shawl did not become him, and she said, looking him earnestly in the eyes meantime, "My dear Mr. Shaw, if you would not break my heart doff that article from your shoulders, and if you would win the hand of your devoted lose no time in procuring one of those superior overcoats made by Rockhill & Wilson, cheap and fashionable tailors, 111 Chestnut street, corner of Franklin Place." Mr. Shaw chuckled inwardly as he promised he would procure such a coat.

☞ "What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?" After once enduring the misery of an attack of Fever and Ague, would you submit a second time to a similar infliction when the means of avoiding it can so readily be procured?

The above query is submitted to the consideration of all who are suffering from Fever and Ague in any of its forms, and the remedy alluded to is that well known preparation, "Rhodes' Fever and Ague Cure."

Its use will prevent the recurrence of these distressing symptoms which mark this peculiar disorder and its continuance for a short time will restore the system to perfect health. These are no idle assertions, but facts based upon experience and substantiated by the voluntary testimony of thousands who have been relieved from suffering by the use of this invaluable remedy. Try it! all ye victims of Fever and Ague, to whom life is a burthen and the bloom of health will again revisit your pallid cheeks.

For sale by T. R. Callender and principal druggists throughout the United States.

JAMES A. RHODES, Proprietor, Providence, R. I.

MODERN INVENTIONS.

We know of no invention of modern times that deserves or is destined to occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame, than the discovery or invention of the Vegetable Epileptic Pills for curing Epilepsy, or Falling Fits; Spasms, Cramps, and all the various modifications of Nervous Disease. *Dr. Seth S. Hance*, of 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., the inventor, is certainly entitled to the best wishes of all the benevolent portion of mankind, who experience a pleasure by the alleviation of human suffering. When Dr. Hance first prepared these Pills, he intended them solely for Fits, Cramps and Spasms; but subsequent experience satisfactorily proved to him, that in addition to their remarkable sanative properties in this class of diseases, they exerted a perfect control over the entire nervous system. He was then induced to try them in cases of Neuralgia, Tic-Doloreux, Nervous Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Incipient Paralysis, Hysteria, Muscular Debility, and a host of minor diseases, springing from a lack of nervous energy, in all of which his anticipation were crowned with the most sanguine success. Persons at a distance, by writing and sending a remittance to Dr. Hance, can have the medicine forwarded by mail to their post office address, he paying the postage. The prices are for a single box, $3, two boxes, $5, or $24 per dozen. We have given his address above.

☞ WILKIN'S AMIELET, invented by the celebrated oculist, Dr. S. M. Elliott, of New York, (recipe presented to M. Wilkin by the Doctor,) will cure Baldness, Preserve and Cleanse the Hair. Price 50 cents. Sold by DURAND & TOURTELOT, Philadelphia; STOTT & Co., Washington; WEEKS & POTTER, Boston; MOISE WARD & GRIERSON, Charleston, Druggists generally and the Proprietors, 44 Maiden Lane, N. Y. 1t

MORE CURES BY JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

GRANVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1855.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son—Gentlemen:—

I cheerfully add my testimony as to the success that attends your Medicines. I have used them in my family for a number of years with the best effect. A few years ago my wife had what was supposed to be an OVARIAN TUMOR of a Schirrhus nature and it became quite large and painful. The best Medical advice that this part of the State afforded was procured without any benefit. Finally she commenced using your Alterative and Sanative Pills, and after using about a dozen bottles of the Alterative her health was *completely restored.* JOHN LINCOLN.

DROPSY CURED, read the following, viz:—

PATAULA, Randolph Co., Geo., Oct. 30, 1855.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:

I have taken your Alterative and Sanative Pills until I believe I am CURED of the DROPSY. I have taken some two dozen bottles of Alterative and one half dozen boxes of Pills and no other Medicine.

I remain yours, &c., DANIEL O'NEIL.

The above medicines are for sale by DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S Agents throughout the United States.

dec 15-6t

☞ USE AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for COLDS, COUGHS, and all derangement of THROAT and LUNGS. And AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, for all the purposes of a PURGATIVE MEDICINE. dec29-3t

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. [illegible] Walnut Street.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 19.

[illegible]

SHORT CUT THROUGH VIRGINIA.—A bill authorizing the Virginia Central Railroad to construct a straight road from Richmond to Charlottesville, is now before the Virginia House of Delegates. Twenty-six miles will be gained by this road in the distance between the cities of Virginia and the Ohio river.

[illegible] ed. But during this time, [illegible] of twenty of the audience kept their hats on. And, in truth, the cold made it very uncomfortable to do otherwise. The Emperor, observing how coolly etiquette was sacrificed to comfort, whispered to the King of Sardinia, and all at once their Majesties and the Prince Napoleon put on their hats, thus putting an end to the extraordinary reversal of courtly proceedings, which had endured for several minutes. It is also said that a few evenings ago the Emperor, accompanied by General Montebello, paid a visit *incognito* to the Opera. His Majesty entered by the public doorway, and asked for the Emperor's box. The *employes*, surprised at such a demand, and not being sure of his Majesty's identity, showed some hesitation.—"Faites moi conduire a la loge Imperiale," repeated the Emperor, at a moment when some official recognized his Majesty, and, communicating his conviction to those around, created some embarrassment, which his Majesty immediately dispelled.—*Foreign Paper.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 19, 1856.

REMARKS—The present week has been a dull one in all departments of trade. The floating ice in the river has materially interfered with the arrival and departure of vessels, and at Richmond shipments of Coal have been suspended for the present. The Atlantic's accounts, made public on Monday, have flattened the market for Breadstuffs, and Wheat and Rye Flour have again declined, but for Corn Meal, Wheat, Rye and Corn, prices remain without change. Cotton has been in steady demand, and with an extremely light stock, holders have been enabled to realize higher prices. In Quercitron Bark but little doing. In Coal no change. Coffee has been arriving more freely, but the demand has been limited. Sugar and Molasses are in steady demand, but there is little or no stock here to operate in. Hemp and Hides are unchanged. There is a good demand for Pig Metal for future delivery, but for immediate consumption the inquiry is quite limited. Lead continues scarce. Leather is advancing. In Lumber nothing doing. Naval Stores and Oils are very quiet. Provisions have been in limited request, but supplies come forward slowly, and prices have undergone no essential changes. Rice meets a limited demand at former rates. Cloverseed is lower, Flaxseed is scarce and wanted. Tobacco is very quiet. Wool continues to command full rates. In Freights there is but little activity.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been exceedingly dull and inactive during the past week, and since the receipt of the Atlantic's orders prices have again receded 12½a25c per bbl. The export demand has been limited, and only 2a3,000 bbls standard and good brands have been disposed of at $8,25, at which it is freely offered, and some extra at $8,62½a8,75. Small sales for the supplying of the retailers and bakers at $8,25a8,37½ for common brands, $8,50a8,75 for better brands and extra, and $9a9,50 for fancy lots. Rye Flour is very dull, 1a200 bbls sold at $5a5,12½. Corn Meal has met a very limited inquiry. Sales of 600 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,75 per bbl.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 17th inst.:

Bbls of superfine		8,242
Do	Fine	33
Do	Middlings	126
Do	Rye	169
Do	Corn Meal	948
Condemned		37
Total		9,555

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat during the past week have been trifling, but the demand has been quite limited, and prices remain without change. Sales of 12,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania red at $1,90 a2, and white at $2a2,20 per bushel for inferior and prime quality. Rye has been in good demand, and about 35,000 bushels, part for future delivery, sold at $1,30. Corn has been in good demand, but the receipts has been small; sales of 35a40,000 bushels new yellow at 77a80c, mostly at 79a80c. Oats have been in steady demand, without change in prices. Sales of 6a8,000 bushels Delaware and Pennsylvania in store at 43a44c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—There are no essential change to notice in prices. The receipts of Pork are light, but the demand has been quite limited. 200 bbls new Western Mess sold in lots at $17a17,50, 60 days. A lot of Rump sold at $14. We quote Prime at $15a15,50. Beef is held firmly at $18,50a19, but the sales are confined to small lots for ship stores. Bacon—The stock is light, but amply sufficient for the demand. The sales have been only in small lots at 12a14c for Hams; 10a10½c for Sides, and 9a9½c per lb for Shoulders. The receipts of Bulk Meats are small, but the demand has been limited. We quote Hams at 9c; Sides at 8a8½c, and Shoulders at 7 cts per lb, 60 days. Lard—The receipts have been small, but the demand is limited and prices are again lower. Sales of bbls at 11½a11¾c, and kegs at 12a12½c per lb, 60 days. Butter of prime quality is in good demand, but other descriptions are neglected. Sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio Roll at 18a23c per lb, cash.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue extremely light, and with a moderate inquiry holders have succeeded in realizing a further slight improvement, notwithstanding the unfavorable tenor of the late European advices. Sales of 1,300 bales at 9½a11¾ cts per lb, on time, for Upland, and 10½a12¾c for Gulf, chiefly of the former description.

The following is a statement of the movement in Cotton since the 1st September last, as compared with the previous three years:

	1856.	1855.	1854.	1853.
Rec'ts at the Ports	1,[illegible]	913,400	[illegible]	1,493,440
Ex'pts to Gt. Brit'n	520,100	411,000	267,000	565,000
Ex'pts to France	180,000	94,000	75,000	98,000
Exports to other Foreign Ports	127,000	49,000	68,000	80,000
Total Exports	807,000	538,000	405,000	743,000
Stock on hand	645,000	300,000	405,000	596,000

Of which during the past week, included in the above:

Rec'pts at the Ports	138,000	59,000	97,000	125,000
Exp'ts to Gt. Brit'n	50,000	47,000	26,000	49,000
Exp'ts to France	19,000	6,000	18,000	17,000
Ex. to other for. Ports	9,000	3,000	13,000	12,000
Total Exports	78,000	56,000	55,000	78,000

Summary.—Receipts.—Increase at the ports over last year, 613,000 bales; over 1853, 21,000. Exports—Increase to Great Britain, 89,000 bales; decrease to same dates in 1853, 65,000. Increase to France, 80,000 bales; same time 1853, 80,000. Increase to other foreign ports, 79,000 bales; same time in 1853, 47,000.

AMERICAN FABRICS—A few Western merchants have commenced purchasing their supplies, but as yet there is very little animation in the market.

BARK—The demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 25 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $27,50 per ton, at which it is freely offered.

BEESWAX—Is unchanged. Small sales of good yellow at 26½a27c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Have been in steady demand, without change in prices. Sales of Adamantine at 27a29c per lb, 4 mos.

COAL—The market continues inactive, the demand for home consumption being limited, and operations at Richmond being suspended for the present by the ice. There are few or no orders coming forward for shipment.

COFFEE—Two cargoes, 4,800 bags Rio, have arrived since our last notice. Holders are firmer in their demands, but the inquiry has been quite limited. Sales of 900 bags Rio at 1½a11¾c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Is dull. Small sales of English Sheathing at 29c, and Yellow Metal at 26c per lb.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been limited. Among them we notice 65 casks Soda Ash [illegible]

[illegible]

FREIGHTS—In foreign but little doing, and no change to note in the rates. A brig was chartered for Jamaica at 50c per bbl. To the South and the Eastward there have been but few engagements.—*Inquirer.*

HAY per 100 lbs—Timothy $1,10a1,15; Clover $1,00 a1,10.

HEMP—Kentucky Dew Rot $180a190 per ton; Manilla per lb 10½.

LIME per bushel 18a20c.

BUTTER, CHEESE, &c.—Butter, Firkins, 15a18 cts; No 1 in kegs, 15a18c; do Roll 20a25; Goshen, 25. Lard, Jersey, 12a12½; Western keg 12½ cents; do bbl 11½c; Grease do 9½a10c. Cheese, Ohio, 9a10c per lb; New York, 10a11. Mercer Potatoes 50a60c per bushel.

RAGS—Country mixed 4½a5c per lb.

SALT—Liverpool, ground, 38a39c; do in sacks, $1a1,05; do in sacks (fine) $1,30a1,60; Saint Martins, 40; Turk's Island 40.

TOBACCO—Cuba 25a40 cts per lb; Kentucky 10 do; Maysville 9a12; Maryland 5a8; Virginia 5a8; Pennsylvania Seed Leaf 8a12; Connecticut Seed Leaf 10a30; Manufactured Nos 1, 2, and 3, 15a35.

COAL—Duty 30 per ct—Schuylkill W A lump per ton $4,00a4,12½; Prepared $4,00a4,12½; Red Ash $4,25a4,37½; Lehigh lump $4,75a5; Prepared $4,75a5; by retail do $5,00; Schuylkill Prepared $4,75.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., *New York.*

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above-mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or sent to their address, properly enclosed, by mail.

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Dec. by the Rev. Wm. Hill, Mr. G. R. LAWSON, to Miss NANCY H. WARREN, all of Franklin county, Tenn., G. R. Lawson formerly of East Tennessee.

In the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Snow Hill, Md. on Tuesday morning, the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. H. Calhoun, G. W. P. SMITH, Esq. to ELMIRA C. daughter of John F. Purnell, Esq. all of that town.

On the 15th inst. by Jas. S. Lawrance, Esq., WILLIAM O'B. KNIGHT, to LOTTIE W. daughter of Chas. Stewart, Esq. of Cream Ridge, New Jersey.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Roger Owen, Mr. ALBERT B. KEEPER, to Miss CAROLINE HONO, both of Chestnut Hill.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. D. B. Cheney, Mr. ALLISON F. BEALLE, of Md. to Miss JENNIE E. MORRIS, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM WOOD, to Miss SARAH A. PEACOCK, both of this city.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. WILLIAM W. CRAUTHERS, to Miss CATHARINE A. KNOX, both of this city.

On the 7th ult. by Ald. Printz, WILLIAM HILLEMAN, of Philadelphia, to Miss JULIA A. C. ROGERS, of Reading.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN R. KOOCKOGEY, of Crawford county, Pa. to Miss MARY W. NIPPES, of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JONATHAN KITE, to Miss JANE HOPKINS, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. CHARLES LANGLOTZ, to Miss EMMA RAE, all of this city.

In this city, on the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Launsbury, Mr. JOHN H. BRANDT, of Kingsessing, Philadelphia, to Miss MARY A. SULLIVAN, of Northumberland, Pa.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Ayres, WILLIAM H. DAWSON, to Miss ANNA WILSON, daughter of Chas. and Harriet Wilson.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. JOSEPH RINEAR, to Miss EMMA McDONALD, both of Philadelphia.

On the 9th of July, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. GEORGE W. FISHER, to Miss EMMA S. YOCUM, all of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. John J. Jones, Mr. HENRY HARRIS, to AMANDA SUKRICH, both of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. WILLIAM RICHMOND, to Miss MARTHA G. BELLMIX, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. B. Kurtz, G. HARRY HALL, of Milton, Del. county, to LIZZIE HUMEL, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. William Ramsey, D. D., Mr. SAMUEL P. ROBINSON, to Miss MARGARET HANDLIN, both of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th inst. MARY, wife of Jonathan Goodwin, aged 35 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. MARIA BASSETT, aged 79.

On the 15th inst. CECELIA, daughter of Joseph and Mary Lauer, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 16th inst. MARY McCOLGAN, aged 65 years.

On the 16th inst. MARTHA ELLEN, daughter of E. S. and Martha C. Ely, aged 11 years and 10 months.

On the 15th inst. WESLEY STAFFORD, aged 33.

On the 16th inst. SARAH M. HAMILTON, aged 29.

On the 16th inst. Mr. JOHN MAGRADEY, aged 69.

On the 16th inst. PATRICK QUINLAND, aged 40.

On the 14th inst. THOMAS G. H. MOFFITT, late Aldermen of the Borough of Manayunk, aged 27 years.

On the 13th inst. MAHLON PARSONS, aged 64 years.

On the 11th inst. ELIZABETH SEYFERT, wife of Wm. Barnholt, aged 44 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. ANN LEWIS, aged 76 years.

On the 15th inst. ANNA CLAYTON, daughter of Robt. and Sarah Swain, aged 4 years and 2 months.

In Camden, on the 15th instant, JOHN SCHWAB, aged 51 years.

On the 16th inst. GEORGE J. MARSHALL, a native of England, aged 36 years.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. ELIZA McALPIN, aged 28.

On the 15th inst. Miss MARY A. FOSTER, aged 31.

On the 14th inst. DAVID U. son of David S. and Keziah Etila.

On the 12th inst. CATHARINE ANN, wife of William Holby, aged 30 years.

On the 14th inst. THOMAS FARLEY, aged 56 years.

On the 14th inst. JAMES JOHNSTON, formerly of Lancaster city, Pa. aged 79 years.

On the 14th inst. JOHN F. FOLGEART, aged 24.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. ELLEN HOYLAN, aged 17.

On the 13th inst. WILLIAM R. GOODALL, aged 25.

On the 13th instant, near Wilmington, Del., JACOB PAINTER, aged 72 years.

On the 13th inst. at Burlington, N. J., Mrs. DOROTHY HARROVER, aged 79 years.

On the 13th inst. JASON, son of George and Mary A. Kertich, aged 6 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. FRANCES W. MITCHELL, aged 22 years.

On the 11th instant, MARY, daughter of John B. and Maria J. Filson, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 12th inst. CATHARINE, daughter of Timothy and Hannah Crowley, aged 7 years.

On the 30th inst. WILLIAM, son of David and Anna Gibb, aged 18 months.

On the 12th inst. GEORGIANA, daughter of Chas. H. and Harriet Porter.

On the 14th inst. CORNELIA, wife of John Wilkins, aged 27 years.

On the 13th inst. MARY FRANCES, wife of Edward A. Moss, aged 34 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, January 26, 1856.

[illegible]

line for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

Weekly Edition, Between 80,000 and 90,000

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the Advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

NOTICE.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

J. C. DERBY has this day associated with himself EDWIN JACKSON (for many years with, and of the firm of PHINNEY & Co.), and under the firm and style of DERBY & JACKSON, the business of Publishing and Selling of Books will be continued with increased facilities, at the old stand.

DERBY & JACKSON,
WILL PUBLISH

Saturday, January 19th,
CAMP FIRES OF THE RED MEN; Or, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By J. R. Orton, M. D. With illustrations. 12mo., $1,25.

Tuesday, January 22nd,
JACKSON AND NEW ORLEANS. An Authentic Narrative of the Memorable Achievements of the American Army, under Andrew Jackson, before New Orleans, in the Winter of 1814-15. By Alexander Walker, (late of the N. O. Delta.) With Frontispiece. 12mo., $1,25.

Thursday, January 24th,
ALONE. By Marion Harland. A new and revised edition, uniform with "The Hidden Path." 12mo., $1,25.

Saturday, January 26th,
DREAMS AND REALITIES OF A PASTOR AND TEACHER. By the Author of "Parish Side." 12mo., $1,00.

Tuesday, January 29th,
A HUNTER'S LIFE AMONG LIONS, ELEPHANTS AND OTHER WILD ANIMALS OF SOUTH AMERICA. By R. G. Cumming. With an introduction, by Bayard Taylor. Colored illustrations. 12mo., $1,50.

NEARLY READY.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA. By Alexander Humboldt. Translated from the Spanish, with Notes and Preliminary Essay, by J. S. Thrasher. With a Map. 12mo.
THE LOST HUNTER. A Tale of Early Times. 12mo.
HOME. By Anna Leland. 12mo.
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THE GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRLS. A Story of Vermont. By Blythe White, Jr. One neat 12mo.
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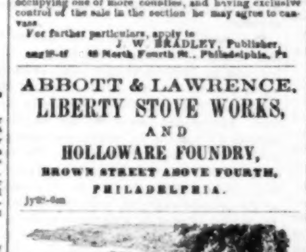

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For Wigs, Inches.	Toupees & Scalps, Inches.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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THIS DYE IS WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION THE BEST EVER MANUFACTURED—nothing sold in America or Europe of any other make will bear the least comparison with it. It is instantaneous in its effect, changing Red or Gray hair to any shade of Brown or Black, and the color imparted is so perfectly natural as to defy the closest scrutiny. There is no discoloration of the skin with this Dye, or trouble or skill required in applying it, its affinity for the component parts of the hair is so great that it at once assimilates itself with them, and becomes part and parcel of their structure. The natural consequence of this assimilation is "that after the hair is once dyed it will never fade or change color." Its effect upon the fibres of the hair is different to any other Dye. All other Dyes render the hair harsh and brittle. This preparation, on the contrary, rather increases than diminishes its elasticity. Where Gray hair is the result of a weakened energy in the nerves and fibres supplying the coloring pigment, the effect of this dye will be not only to change the [illegible]

CERTIFICATE OF DR. CHILTON.

[illegible]

"BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE."

[illegible]